

To-Day and Forever.

I.
My breath but touches the rose in your palm,
And lo! how the light leaves scatter,
Leaving no semblance of bloom or of balms;
But what, pray, does it matter?
Laugh, as they flutter away, my dear,—
As they flow in the flow of the river!
We are done with dead roses to-day, my dear,
Done with them to-day and forever.

II.
Your eyes but turn to the trees in my palm—
The wee little tress so golden,—
And low I whisper: "The sweetest calm
Was born of that sorrow-often."
Sing, as it sinks to the mosses, my dear,—
To the mosses that border the river!
We are done with old losses and crosses, my dear,
Done with them to-day and forever.

III.
Laugh low! Sing softly! Love is a live
And awake where we walk together;
But love is fragile, and Love will thrive
Best in the sunniest weather.
So, let the past be the past, my dear;
Let it go, as the shade on the river!
We are done with old sorrows at last, my dear,
Done with them to-day and forever.
—Hester E. Benedict, in Baldwin's Monthly.

Items of Interest.

A steak-holder—The gridiron.
A righting book—The dictionary.
Overdrawn—Exaggerated accounts.
Net cash—The fisherman's proceeds.
Sharp practice—Dissecting a subject.
Fish expressed it not implied—C. O. D.

What beats a good wife? A bad husband.

How to get a long well—Have it dug deep.

Hairy somethings—Tresses and mattresses.

Molasses candy would taste just as sweet by any other name.

There are over 1,650 convicts in the Sing Sing (N. Y.) prison.

The man who invented the first motor has now invented a torpedo to blow her up. Few men are so consistent.

The arrival of a hand-organ man is the last pleasing sensation in the Black Hills. He reminds the boys of home and old times.

It seems hard, says the Cincinnati Breakfast Table, to discover a great man who has not at some time worked in a printing office.

Now digs the boy the garden plot
With energy intense,
Until he bags a tribe of worms,
And then he skips the fence.

A man who is uncertain about using the term bicycle speaks of them as "those things, you know, that they ride and look into second-story windows with."

The German emperor keeps a diary of everything he shoots. In 1819 his gun was discharged by accident, and he had to enter up, "Forefinger right hand."

"Slowtown!" shouted the brakeman, as the train slowed up to the station. "Five years for refreshments!" yelled a passenger who said his son had grown up since the train started.

"What did the prisoner first strike you for?" casually asked the judge of the complainant with a bandage over his eye. "He first struck me for a five dollar bill, your honor," was the feeling reply.

"Sales by candle" was the method of sale during the seventeenth century. A wax candle, about an inch in length, was set on the edge of a knife, and he that hid most before the candle was out, was the buyer.

When you put your pen-holder behind your ear be sure that you have the pen to the front. Ideas of great profundity are sometimes banished hopelessly from the mind by failing to observe this rule.

Robinson's show elephant got so riled at having to cross a North Carolina river in a ferry-boat lately that he picked up a colored boy, who aided to drive him on the boat, and squeezed him to death with his trunk.

It is estimated that the use of the Moffet bell-punch in New York City, by a simple tax of two and one-half cents on alcoholic drinks, and one-half a cent on cider, ale and beer, would yield the treasury \$12,000,000 per annum.

It's all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet.

The Samoan Islands are the great coconut-producing islands of the globe. The inhabited ones are nine in number, and have a population of 35,000. One German firm, dealing in the staples of those islands, does a business of \$5,000,000 a year. Pago-Pago is the harbor which the United States have lately bought.

A poor woman in Denmark, the wife of a laborer, past fifty, observing a few months ago three children who had fallen through the ice on a lake, rushed into the water, and at the imminent peril of her own life rescued the children. The King decided that this act of bravery should not pass unrewarded. The woman was sent up to town from the country; a room was prepared for her in the royal palace, where she stayed a couple of days to see the sights of Copenhagen, and she received from the hands of the King, in the presence of the royal family, the medal and ribbon for civil acts of bravery, being the first woman in Denmark who has received this honor. The King secured a place for her and her family in the Royal Theater, where she was the observed of all observers. Of any more substantial compensation for her act of bravery there is no record.

A short time after the ship Ilio quitted Callao, Peru, the captain discovered two

stowaways on board and put them in irons. During the following night a Chilean, who had hung his hammock in the quarter of the ship where the prisoners were, accused one of them of having stolen his food. The accused explained that this was impossible, as his chain prevented his reaching it, whereupon the monster of a Chilean struck him down, and deliberately proceeded to cut off his head and throw it into the water. He then wished to despatch the trunk after it, was prevented by its being attached by an iron ring fixed to the bridge by a chain. Whereupon he hacked away at it and cast it piecemeal into the sea. The other stowaway was meanwhile in such an agony of terror that he did not cry out. The assassin was placed in the hands of the authorities at Iquique.

BURGLARS' TOOLS.

Interesting Description of the Peculiar Implements Used by Professional Thieves.

The appliances of the first-class burglars are changed to meet almost all the changes in preventive inventions. The hydraulic jack to force in safe locks, the cylinders of compressed oxygen and hydrogen to burn through steel, and the other scientific as well as ingenious appliances used by the big operators show this. The first and simplest tool in a burglar's outfit is a window knife. This is a thin very flexible, broad-ended knife, more resembling a paint knife than anything else. With it, in two seconds the clumsiest burglar can turn back the simple catch so generally used throughout the city to fasten windows. The thin blade can be easily twisted up between the two sashes, and a light pressure throws the catch to one side or the other, and leaves the window free to open. This is as useful as it is simple, and the wonder is that style of fastening is so generally used. Lately, however, a new brass catch, which works up and down, and is fastened by a pin, has been invented, and is proof against the knife. The art of window opening, however, makes necessary in some cases a diamond to cut the glass. This brings into requisition a "sucker"—a disk of wet leather with a string tied to it, such as boys use as a plaything. This is first fastened to the upper pane and the cutter run around it in a circle. When the glass is severed it clings to the leather and the piece is removed to the outside without noise or fracture of the contiguous glass.

Another and a simple method in avoiding noise, utilized in breaking into stores with thin glass windows, is to paste a large sheet of stout paper over the glass till it adheres firmly in every part, and then break the glass. The pieces clinging to the paper and no jingling or noise of any kind is made, and the window can be neatly taken out in fragments. The next article in the outfit is a skeleton key. These are as old as the invention of tumbler locks. Before that invention it needed little skill or practice, by aid of a crooked wire, a notched knife-blade or anything else that came handy, to pick the simple lock. The new invention, however, brought skeletons into vogue. A skeleton is simply the simplest shape of key. The shank is filled down thin so as to enter any lock easily, and the ward of the key is the same size as that of any key, but consists only of the same size as that of a small "T" shaped piece of steel or brass as the case may be. This is the simplest variety, and will suit the largest number of locks. There are some, however, in which the wards are a trifle more complex, which suit different brands of locks. No respectable thief, however, is without two or three keys.

The next implement is a pair of nippers, or "nips," as the police abbreviate it, which are used when a key is turned and left in the lock. "Nips," are pairs of pinchers which are inserted to grasp the end of the key. The clutching portion is so small as to easily enter a lock, and when closed the end appears like a hollow piece of steel no thicker than a key shank. The ends are notched, however, just as a pair of pinchers are roughened, so as not to slip when the end of the key is grasped, and as most keys are pointed at the end, the operation of grasping it is facilitated. Some originality is displayed by thieves in getting up these, and some years ago the work of a burglar named Winter, since killed in a fight, was always detected by a pair of "nips" which he used. Instead of having little notches all around the end, he had only four, equally distant from each other, the marks on the brass key which his instrument left were always detected. The "nips" are largely used, and are effective, the only prevention against them being something that will make the key immovable. Of these preventives the best is a thick bent wire, in the shape of a pin that hangs down from the shaft of the door-knob and passes through the ring of the key.

The commonest burglarious instrument is the "jimmy," and its uses are manifold. It is a bar of steel, one end of which is curved at a right angle. Sometimes one end is sharpened to a point and sometimes both, or one is flattened out and sharpened like a crow-bar. They are of various lengths and weights, and a well-to-do burglar generally has several. They subserve all the uses of a crowbar and drill. With them it is no trick at all to force open a wooden door, breaking the lock or twisting it out of place by main force. It is also a very successful tool in prying open the door of a building or a safe, being used in the latter case when a partial entrance has been made. Bull's eye lanterns, so loved by dime novel writers, have passed out of date, small candles being used. This calls to mind the fact that the work of Root and Schacht, the companions, was always spotted by the candle grease which they left behind them, their custom being to use the small Christmas tree candles.

Masks are rarely used, and if worn are

usually of the simplest construction, a piece of black cloth with eye and mouth holes serving both the purposes of disguise and terror, in case a startled individual awakes at night to find a ghost with a candle, a black mask and revolver bending over him. With regard to skeletons one ingenious style, the invention of a Sidney thief, has strangely fallen into disuse. There were a number of wards to it which could be fitted to the shank, one after the other, a small screw in the end of the shank holding them in place. The possessor could try one after the other, and eventually unlock any door fastened by any ordinary key. A simple bolt is the best protection for a door, that being, in police parlance, "the only thing that'll beat a thief." Their only means of opening the door is to bore through and saw around it—an operation involving much time and trouble.

Regret.

I did not love him: Long ago,
Instead of yes, I gave him No.

I did not love him, but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray,

Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret

Over that whispered No? and why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?

No analyst can guess the cause;
A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed; that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace; and yet
To-day I seem to see him stand

With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes.

His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead:

And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then

He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

The History of Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is believed to have originated in Egypt, more than two thousand (2,000) years ago. It prevailed in Egypt and Asia Minor, to which it extended, during the first five hundred years, and hence was early called Egyptian or Syriac disease.

Having invaded Europe, the disease appeared at Rome A. D. 330; and being akin to the plague, of which it may be a remote modification, having had the same origin, with some similar characteristics, and being like it and malignant typhus highly contagious, the disease, in its fifteen hundred years' transit on the continent of Europe, affected mainly rural districts and garrisoned towns. It had extended to Holland, in which it was epidemic in 1337; to Paris, in 1576; and appeared in America 1771; it having prevailed more extensively in France in 1818 and 1835, and in England and the United States from 1756 to 1860, and more or less since.

In our own country it has thus been more prevalent during the past twenty-one years, from 1856 to 1877; and rural districts appear to have suffered most during the early part of this period, probably on account of a greater prevalence of marsh miasm, which, combined with the animal, may generally, together with the contagion, produce this disease. But during the latter part of this period, the rural districts, having been more cleared up and drained, diminishing the amount of paludal poison, and country people having learned, as well as those in cities, to avoid, to some extent, the causes liable to generate animal miasms, our cities, or some of them, appear to have produced nearly if not quite as many cases of diphtheria as the rural districts; Syracuse, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, and many New England and other cities having suffered more or less from it during 1876 and 1877. The vital statistics of Massachusetts for the year 1876 shows diphtheria occupies the second place in the list of fatality, two thousand six hundred and ten persons died of the disease during the year in that state, and only five thousand and twenty-seven of consumption. Whether this may be an average for other states or not, its ravages have been fearful in many parts of our own and other countries.

In both city and country, more cases have occurred, other things being equal, in warm autumnal and winter weather in damp localities, where the air is almost destitute of ozone, a powerful disinfectant, and being saturated with moisture in a low or negative electrical state, thus letting down the positive electrical condition of the nervous system, and correspondingly diminishing vitality in those predisposed to the disease. Damp air also doubtless, by diminishing the cutaneous exhalation, and otherwise, may increase the predisposition to this as well as the other kindred diseases.

The annual flooding of the Nile in Egypt, affording, with the moisture thus produced a generation and mingling of marsh and animal miasms, with the various imprudences of the Egyptian people, may readily have originated this disease. Asia Minor, probably the next most predisposed country and people, was next invaded, as might have been expected. Then in its turn, the south of Europe, burdened with the imprudences of the third and fourth centuries, with its influx of the northern hordes upon the Roman empire. Later still, central and northern Europe, distracted with the turmoils and degraded by the pollutions of the dark ages, became ripe for it. Finally, other parts of the world, including America had become sufficiently predisposed and the United States having either produced in or received it from the Old

World, has hence suffered a due share of its ravages down to the present time.

Every step of the progress of this disease has thus been invited, and every epidemic has had its cause; no case ever having occurred anywhere, unless contracted by the contagion from another patient, without some general or local cause usually local and discoverable, from which may have emanated animal as well as marsh miasms or poisons. The fact of its increased prevalence in our own country may very likely be due, in part at least, to the more artificial mode of treating children, its more common victims. For it is a shameful fact that, as a result of modern fashion few children now among all classes, have proper clothing or covering for their limbs; and a still smaller number take their food with a strict regularity, abstaining from it between meals, as well as from candies and other injurious and indigestible food.

Anecdote of Burns.

Andrew Horner and Burns were pitted against each other to write poetry. An epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme. He commenced—

In seventeen hundred thretty-nine—
and he paused. He then said: "Ye see, I was born in 1739 (the real date was some years earlier) so I mak' that the commencement." He then took his pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table, like one who considered it no trifle even to write a letter, and slowly put down, in good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

In seventeen hundred thretty-nine!
but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass. At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink and paper were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, viva voce:

In seventeen hundred thretty-nine,
The dell gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And pit it in a corner;
But, shortly after changed his plan,
Made it to something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner.

On Bathing.

Hall's Journal of Health don't believe in too much water, for it says on the subject of bathing: Once a week is often enough for a man to wash himself all over, and whether in summer or winter that ought to be done with soap, warm water and a hog's hair brush, in a room showing at least seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of re-action in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal, or soon after fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day unless by the advice of a family physician. The best mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once a week washing already mentioned, is as follows: As soon as you get out of bed in the morning, wash your face, hands, neck and breast; into the same basin of water put both feet at once for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, etc. wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, with mouth shut and chest projecting; Let the whole thing be done in less than five minutes. At night, when you go to bed, and whenever you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hand, so far as you can reach in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin which is essential to health, and which too frequent washing will always destroy.

Two Bright Dogs.

Some one tells this little story of two small dogs:

"My friend had several dogs, two of which had a special attachment to and understanding with each other. The one was a Scotch terrier, gentle and ready to fraternize with all honest comers. The other was as large as a mastiff and looked like a compound between the mastiff, and the large, rough stag-hound. He was fierce, and required some acquaintance before you knew what faithfulness and kindness lay beneath his rough and savage-looking exterior. The one was gay and lively; the other, stern and thoughtful.

"These two dogs were observed to go to a certain point together, when the small one remained behind at a corner of a large field, while the matiff went around by the side of the field, which ran up a hill for nearly a mile, and led to a wood on the left. Game abounded in those districts, and the object of the dogs' arrangement was seen. The terrier would start a hare, and chase it up hill toward the large wood at the summit, where they arrived somewhat tired. At this point the large dog, which was fresh and had rested after his walk, darted after the animal, which he usually captured. They then ate this hare between them, and returned home. This course had been systematically carried on for some time before it was fully understood."

Receipts for Cleaning.—Mrs. S. M. H. sends the following for housekeepers: When a room is to be papered, fill all the crevices where the plaster has fallen off with plaster of paris mixed with cold water. It dries quickly and will not stain the paper. For cleaning mica, I have found nothing equal to fine salt. For cleaning zinc, nothing is so good as kerosene; after using kerosene, rub with

whiting. If whiting is moistened with ammonia, it will very readily clean both silver and tin. To strain honey, first run it through a colander set in a pan upon the back oven; afterward, strain through a cloth. To make wax, fill a small strainer-bag with rough comb, which dip in hot water, leaving the impurities behind. Repeat the process, and finish by melting the wax and forming it into cakes.

Daily Dying.

The maple does not shed its leaves
In one tempestuous scarlet rain,
But softly, when the south wind grieves,
Slow, wandering over wood and plain.
One by one they waver through the air,
The Indian Summer's hazy blue,
And drop at last on the forest mold,
Coral and ruby, and burning gold.

Our death is gradual like these:
We die with every waning day,
There is no waft of sorrow's breeze
But bears some heart-leaf slow away:
Up and on to the vast To Be,
Our life is going eternally!
Less of life than we had last year
Throbs in your veins and throbs in mine;
But the way to heaven is growing clear,
And the gates of the city fairer shine:
And the day that our latest treasures flee
Wide they will open for you and me.

HIS MOTHER'S MURDERER.

A Russian Boy Kills His Mother to Avenge His Father's Honor.

[New York Herald.]
There is now occupying the Russian criminal tribunals a tragedy which throws into the shade the gloomiest imaginings of the old Greeks playwrights. It is the murder of a mother by her son, a child 9 years old. The story is one of the most appalling in the whole annals of human crime, and withal is it heart-touching as showing the misdirection of a noble nature. For the motive of the crime was honor, and the sorlew his mother that her blood might wash out the stain her infidelity had put upon her husband's name. The case is a most remarkable one. There seems to be no evidence of a vicious disposition on the part of the boy. On the contrary, he seems to have had a loving heart, and to have been tenderly attached to his dead father; but a cloud came over his young existence, when his mother, forgetting her duty to the living and dead, contracted an illicit alliance with a government employe. The woman seems to have troubled herself little to conceal her amours from her son, thinking that a child of such tender years would not be likely to pay any attention to her actions. She does not seem to have ever suspected the precocious sensibility of her child.

The boy, however, very soon began to suspect the true relations existing between the stranger and his mother. The functionary entered frequently before the child's eyes, and at unusual hours into the house that had belonged to the dead father. The child felt himself cruelly injured by the dishonor cast upon his father's memory, which had remained enshrined in his young heart like a sacred image. For a long time he concealed his anger and his shame; but one day his indignation mastered him, and he resolved to make an effort to win his mother from the path of shame.

Throwing aside all fear, he reproved the widow for her infidelity to her dead husband, and besought her to return to her duty by respect to the memory of the dead and out of respect to her son. The mother treated these remonstrances lightly, and burst out laughing at the child. Without even deigning to hear him to the end, she advised him to occupy himself with matters more appropriate to his age. Several times he seems to have renewed his exhortations, always, however, meeting with the same reception.

Feeling that it was useless to appeal to the better nature of his mother, the child conceived the horrible design of washing out in her blood the stain she persisted in putting on his name, and which he knew was no longer a secret from the neighbors. Having once made up his mind, his thoughts became wholly absorbed in plans for carrying his vengeance into execution. Wherever he went he carried with him this idea of avenging the injured honor of his name. In solitude he pondered over it, until it became, in his eyes, a holy duty. Beside this child of 9 years taking upon his conscience the responsibility of judge and executioner, thinking and planning before taking action Hamlet, tormented by visions and simulating madness, is only capable of inspiring pity. The heart is moved at the thought of the anguish the child must have suffered. First he dug the grave. This was, for his infant hands, a long and painful labor. When he had everything prepared he resolved to execute his terrible purpose.

One night, while his mother slept, he armed himself with a hatchet and silently approached her bed. When his eyes rested on the author of his being his resolution was shaken. He gazed on the face he had long loved and respected. The sight was too much for his childish heart, and, bursting into tears, he fell on his knees before his mother's bed. There the morning light found him stretched in slumber with the deadly hatchet still clasped in his tiny hands. When his mother rose she was terribly frightened at the sight. She awoke the boy, who explained his presence by a peasant fable, and then took the opportunity to once more beseech his mother to dismiss her lover and return to the path of honor. She, however, lost her temper, and ordering the child to hold his tongue, dismissed him curtly.

This action of the widow decided her son to carry out his murderous resolution. The following night he again entered his mother's bedroom and, finding her asleep, with one blow of the hatchet he killed her. He then took the body, which he dragged to the grave he had prepared, and there interred it.

The trial of this strange parricide is progressing in the town of Valok, in the government of Kharkow. Seldom have the Russian people been so interested in a criminal trial, but the sight of a child nine years old standing in the dock as the assassin of his mother is well calculated to excite the compassionate sympathy among a people by whom the family ties are regarded with something of the respect of patriarchal times. Mr. Vladimir, professor of criminal law at the university at Kharkow, has spontaneously undertaken the defense of the unfortunate child.